

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1892.

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# 5 O'CLOCK EXTRA! 100 LOST!

## Many Burned in the Hotel Royal.

### Men, Women and Children Buried in Smoking Ruins.

### LEAPING FROM WINDOWS TO AVOID DEATH IN FLAMES.

### Park Place Disaster Paralleled on Sixth Avenue.

### Police Believe that the Total of the Death Roll Will Not Exceed Fifty.

### Only 75 of the 175 People Known to Have Been in the Hotel Are Accounted For.

A disaster paralleling in horror and probably exceeding in loss of life the terrible occurrences in Park place, the remembrance of which is fresh in the public mind, occurred in this city early this morning.

The Hotel Royal, at Fortieth street and Sixth avenue, was burned to the ground, and a large number of people were burned, suffocated and crushed in the ruins.

It is known that there were 120 guests in the hotel.

The hotel people, all told, numbered 55. Of these six have been found dead, six are in hospital and 53 have been reported alive, either by themselves or their friends.

This leaves 100 persons missing and supposed to be dead in the ruins.

The police have searched that part of the ruins accessible and can find no more bodies. They believe that many of the missing persons will be found to have escaped. Of these many are supposed to have gone to their homes. They were mostly transient guests, and it is believed that a large proportion will never report their escape.

The number of killed is impossible to state with positiveness, but it is believed by the police that it will not exceed fifty.

The number of people who are injured is also impossible to state with exactness, but it is very large.

The scenes were heartrending and appalling even the most nervy and experienced policemen and firemen.

Injured persons were taken in ambulances to New York, Presbyterian, Bellevue and Mt. Sinai hospitals.

Many physicians whose offices were in the neighborhood were quickly on the scene, and did all they could to relieve the sufferings of the burned and bruised victims.

The fire broke out shortly after 3 o'clock this morning.

It was near the elevator shaft, and quickly spread throughout the building.

The firemen were quickly on the scene, and in a few minutes they saw that the fire was to be a desperate one and four alarms were sent out.

At 4:05 a. m. the wall facing on Fortieth street toppled over.

Chief Bonner, who was in charge, immediately ordered tenants in the adjoining building to get out.

Capt. Kelly of the Thirtieth street station was promptly in command of more than one hundred policemen from the West Thirtieth, West Thirty-seventh and West Forty-seventh street station houses. Inspectors Williams and Steers arrived early and took command of the police forces. The crowd that had been gathered pressed closely about the fire lines, and the police had great difficulty in keeping the throng back.

At this time eight persons were supposed to have been killed by jumping from the windows.

The whole building collapsed at 4:30 o'clock, and a great pillar of flame shot up in the air, accompanied by noise like that of a tremendous explosion.

All that was left standing of the hotel structure was a strip of wall about ten feet wide, attached to the flat building adjoining on the Sixth avenue side.

This gave the firemen a chance to work more effectively, and shortly after 5 o'clock Chief Bonner declared that the flames were under control, and the work of searching for the bodies of the dead was begun, and is still in progress.

The loss on the building and its contents is estimated at \$300,000. The building was numbered 688 to 692 Sixth avenue.

**STORY OF THE FIRE.**

The fire broke out a few minutes after 3 o'clock this morning, and never had fire better food. The building was composed of several very old buildings, amalgamated into the Hotel Royal some years ago.

**STARTED IN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT.**

The flame kindled at the front of the eleva-

tor shaft, in the basement, at about the middle depth of the building.

The janitor was at work in the basement at the time, and he was suddenly startled by the flashing up of flames. He rushed to the street and notified the policeman on the Sixth avenue corner, who sent in an alarm while the janitor rushed back into the building to arouse the sleeping guests.

The blaze had already shot up the elevator shaft, finding kindling as inflammable as tinder in the framework, and James T. Powers, of the "Straight Tip" company, smoking his good-night cigar on the piazza of the Gedney House, at Broadway and Fortieth street, saw the flames.

**JAMES T. POWERS SENT IN AN ALARM.**

Mr. Powers rushed to the nearest fire-alarm box and sent in an alarm before the Sixth avenue policeman could reach his nearest box.

In fifteen minutes the whole of the six-story structure was ablaze. Flames shot out at every window in the front half of the big hotel, and people in the street could see persons rushing frantically to and fro on every floor of the burning building.

**THREE ALARMS SENT IN.**

One, two, three alarms were sent out in rapid succession, and the streets and avenues were soon filled with fire-engines and trucks.

Other alarms brought ambulances from every hospital in the city.

People leaped out of the windows to the sidewalks and were gathered up unconscious, burned, maimed and mangled, by the firemen, and carried to places of safety.

The most heroic efforts of the firemen were impotent against the devouring element, and the whole middle portion of the city was brilliantly illuminated by the tremendous bonfire which the doomed Hotel Royal made.

Crowds gathered, and Capt. Kelly, with the reserves from the Thirtieth street station, had more than their hands full in controlling the excited throng.

It was known that the hotel was full of people, for it was a popular resort for thousands, and the prospective loss of life was appalling.

**CRYING FOR HELP.**

The windows were filled with people in their night clothing, making piteous appeals for help, while behind them was a sea of flames. Indeed, they seemed to be actually in the fire.

The firemen did wonderful work in their efforts to rescue these people by carrying them down the ladders, for entrance or exit to the building by the staircase was entirely cut off.

**LEAPED FROM THE WINDOWS.**

Two men and two women leaped from upper windows and were dashed to death on the pavement below.

One Daniel Glenn clambered up a ladder to the windows of the third floor and rescued a woman who was at the window. As he was descending the ladder with his burden, the crowd looking on breathlessly, another woman who had been crying in an agony of fear from the window directly above, clambered out of the window and hung with her hands to the sill till, exhausted, she released her grip and fell, striking Glenn and almost knocking him and his charge from the ladder.

The woman herself was killed by the fall.

**CLIMBED DOWN LIKE A FLY.**

A tall, handsome young man climbed down the Sixth avenue front from the very topmost window.

Slowly he picked his way from sill to window cap, and from cap to sill, while the crowd watched.

At last he reached the ground, seriously burned and bruised, but alive, and the crowd cheered him with wild enthusiasm while he disappeared, unidentified, in the throng.

Policeman Callahan reports that he saw an old man, a woman and a little girl at a window on the third floor, Fortieth street side. They gestured wildly, and he was preparing to go to their rescue when there was a crash, an upward rush of flames and sparks, and the trio disappeared from view. The floor had fallen in, and these three had gone down in the cauldron of fire.

There were 175 persons in the building, and more than 100 persons are still unaccounted for.

In half an hour after the fire broke out, the floors were all devoured and there was but the shell of brickwork with 75 feet front on Sixth avenue and 100 feet on Fortieth street left of the Hotel Royal.

Then at 4 o'clock the Sixth avenue wall for sixty feet from Fortieth street fell outward with a crash and a deafening roar, and forty-five minutes later more than half the Fortieth street front wall collapsed and made a tomb of brick, stone, mortar and timbers, for the unfortunate who had been caught in the burning building.

The excitement of the crowd at this time was overpowering.

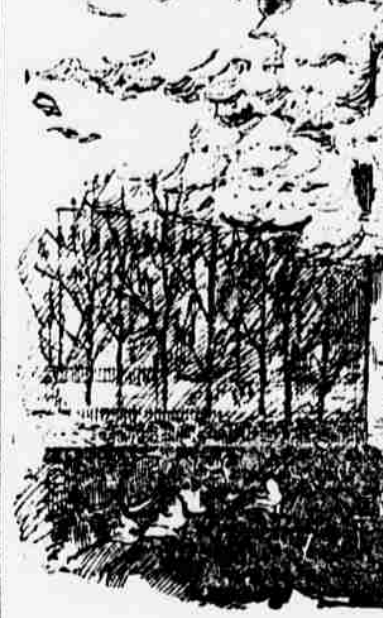
There were more than twenty thousand people gathered as near to the burning building as they could get.

Sixth avenue to the reservoir, and thence across Fortieth street.

Richard Meares, proprietor of the Hotel Royal, miraculously escaped death with his wife. They retired at 1 o'clock and were asleep on the second floor, in the middle of the building and only a few feet from the elevator shaft, which formed the draught for the fire.

The janitor succeeded in awakening the people on this floor, but could go no further up into the building, owing to the progress of the flames.

He awakened Proprietor Meares and his



THE BURNING HOTEL.  
(From a sketch by an eye-witness.)

wife first, but when they emerged into the hall, only partly clothed, they found a conflagration. The stairways were filled with flame and smoke, and tongues of flame darted out from the elevator shaft.

Saying "Follow me," Mr. Meares, with his overcoat over his head, clambered over the banisters at the head of the stairs and dropped to the floor below.

Turning to catch his wife when she dropped, he was horrified to see that she had not followed him.

The frantic man would have rushed back up the burning stairs, but the firemen seized him and roughly hustled him out of the building and turned him over to a policeman unharmed.

Meantime, Mrs. Meares had acted for herself with rare presence of mind. She rushed to the window and leaped to the roof of the portico over the entrance and was taken down by the firemen. She sustained a sprained ankle, but was otherwise unharmed, by her thrilling experience.

The man who leaped from the fourth-story window was a stout person, weighing at least 180 pounds. He was clad only in his night-shirt and trousers.

He stood for a moment irresolute on the sill. There were tongues of flames all about him. Then he leaped. He turned in the air as he descended and fell on his head, dashing out his brains.

His body, together with that of the other man and two women who were killed in leaping from the windows of the building, was taken to the West Thirtieth street station and afterwards to the morgue.

Neither of the bodies was identified.

Mrs. S. Knapp, of Chicago, escaped from her room, on the fourth floor by the exercise of her presence of mind. Soaking a towel in water, she wrapped it about her head, protecting her mouth and nose from the suffocating smoke till the firemen reached her by a ladder and carried her down to safety.

There were about thirty servant girls employed in the hotel, and their sleeping rooms were on the upper floors.

Several of these young women have not yet reported, and but one sad inference can be drawn from this fact.

The fire had spent its fury at 5:15, for there was practically nothing combustible left in the shell.

Then the scene, surveyed by the firemen, the police and the crowd of citizens, was one of complete and sorrowful wreck.

Ambulances had carried away the injured, and those who had escaped unharmed had gone to the hotels or the homes of friends.

All that remained was a smoking, blackened mound of debris that rose to a height of twenty-five feet. Beyond, to the south, the eye gazed unobstructed by floors or roof up through that portion of the building that remained standing to the sky.

To the west were the walls of a section of the building, but they had been dismantled of all the woodwork, and in the cellars was the debris of the whole interior of Hotel Royal.

And under the debris! What would the men who set at work immediately to clear away the wreck—what would they find there?

This question started the crowd, and all day long there has been a throng of people in Bryant Park and all the approaches to the demolished hotel, watching while 100 firemen labored in the smoking heap, guarded by a reserve of sixty-five policemen.

**HARRY C. LEVY'S BODY FOUND.**

At 11:30 o'clock the body of a man was unearthed. It was burned and blackened and bruised. It was taken to the morgue, where it was identified as that of Harry C.

Levy, of the firm of Strauss & Freeman, No. 707 Broadway.

**DIGGING OVER THE RUINS.**

Bit by bit, stick by stick, brick by brick, the firemen, 100 strong, under Chief Bonner, are still removing the debris from the cellar, working carefully lest they should mangle the body of some poor victim. And the crowd, always changing but never diminishing in proportion, looks on at the dismal work.

The platform of the Sixth avenue "L" at the Forty-second street station is thronged with people, who pay the five cents fare for

and confusion; at Mount Sinai Hospital.

UNKNOWN WOMAN, about forty, unconscious from smoke; at Mount Sinai Hospital.

UNKNOWN MAN about fifty, contusions and burned on body; at Mount Sinai Hospital.

**OCCUPANTS OF THE HOTEL.**

Following is a list of the permanent guests, fifty-seven in number, and the employees, eleven in all, who are known to be saved or are missing. There were fifty-five employees and all but eleven slept out of the house.

Of the transient guests nothing definite is known, as the register is missing, and even if the register were found, it would give no clue to the identity of the missing, as it is thought that many of the transients were registered under assumed names.

Those known to have been saved are: P. TAYLOR, at Hotel Metropole.

W. P. FIERCE, at Hotel Vendome.

FRED ULLMAN, at Hotel Metropole.

H. G. TOMPKINS, at Hotel Metropole.

W. G. ANDERSON, JR., at the Gilsey House.

MRS. KRAFT, at the Gedney House.

W. G. BUCHANAN, at the Gedney House.

E. S. FORDAY, at the Gedney House.

HUFFPAT TENANT, at the Gedney House.

J. M. POWERS, at the Gedney House.

H. BROWN.

E. P. RUPERTSON.

— BLODGETT.

E. BALL.

C. LEPER.

C. WHITE.

T. G. HARDMAN.

W. N. SCOTT.

LANGDON SWEET.

G. S. MOTTRE.

J. E. CART.

MRS. E. TITUS.

Mrs. GIBSON, of Newport.

FREDERICK ULMAN, at Hotel Vendome.

— BRIDGES and wife.

M. J. LEVY.

— PHELPS, wife and child.

RIMON ULLMAN.

Mrs. F. ULLMAN.

Mr. and Mrs. WINTER.

Mr. FORBES.

Mr. and Mrs. HURLEY, at the Gilsey.

MARTIN, yardman.

F. OLSEN, porter.

UNDERWOOD, night clerk.

HARDING.

SCHOENFELD.

COL. JOHN TAYLOR.

Mrs. ANDERSON.

KATE REILLY, chambermaid.

MIKE CUSLEY, porter.

**THESE ARE THE MISSING.**

Mrs. SLATE.

Mrs. BOLEY, housekeeper.

Mrs. COREY.

Mrs. MAY and child.

Mrs. VAN NOORDEN.

C. HALDENRANDT.

Mrs. HENDERSON, Denver, Col.

Miss LEWIS.

Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS.

Mr. and Mrs. GOULD.

ARMSTRONG, WILLIAM E.

CLOKE, CHARLES.

KENNEDY, THOMAS.

JOHN YATES, seventy-two years old, of No. 638 Sixth avenue, was badly burned and cut about the body. He was taken to the New York Hospital.

Four chambermaids.

**TOLD BY THOSE WHO ESCAPED.**

The fire was first discovered by Herbert Harding, the engineer of the building. He said:

"I was taking my fire when I saw a puff of smoke in the elevator shaft at the end of the corridor.

"I ran down to see what was the matter and found the whole lower part of the elevator shaft in flames.

"I turned and ran out to the sidewalk where I found Policeman Merritt and he sent out the alarm.

"Together with him I went back into the hotel to arouse the guests.

"The flames in the meantime had spread so rapidly that I could not get above the second floor.

"In the corridor of the second floor on the Fortieth street side I found a little girl. I went to the window, took the child in my arms, and tried to climb out of the window.

"I lost my hold and both I and the child fell. I struck an iron railing and a fireman picked the child up."

**Andretti Lost His All.**

W. G. Andretti, Jr., of Philadelphia, occupied room No. 49, on the second floor. He had been at the hotel for several days. He had been asleep only a short while before the alarm was raised.

He heard the fall of some heavy body, and then a woman's scream. He ran from his room and saw the flames in the hallway. There was a tramping overhead, and above the crackle of the fire and the screaming of the women.

He gathered up his clothes and threw them from the rear window. A blonde-haired young woman, craned with fright, passed him in the hall.

"Come with me," said Andretti, but she ran shrieking in the opposite direction.

It is not known who she was or whether she escaped. If she reached the front window she was probably taken out by the firemen. The smoke was so dense that Andretti himself was almost overcome. If the young woman did not reach the front she was probably lost.

Andretti escaped unhurt, but lost all he had, valued at \$800. "I consider it a very

narrow escape," said he. "The flames spread so rapidly that those who were not unusually quick in getting out must have perished. Even as I left the fire escape a burst of flames almost made me lose my hold."

**Cool-Headed Thompkins.**

H. C. Thompkins, of this city, had a room on the third floor. He was the coolest one in the house. When aroused by the alarm he ran out into the hallway. The fire was very near his room, and a great burst of flame drove him back.

He packed together all his valuables. When he had finished the door of his room was aflame. He threw his bundle of belongings into the street. Then he threw out the rope fire-escape and came down it.

The flames from the second floor windows scorched his hair and blistered his hands, but he reached the sidewalk in safety.

"That place burned so quick," said he, "that I barely had time to get out. When I ran into the hall I saw several persons there. I don't know whether they got safely out."

**Proprietor Meares's Close Call.**

"I haven't saved anything," said Mr. Meares. "All that is saved is on my back. There was a young woman in the room next to ours. We woke her up and I think she escaped in the same manner as my wife did."

"The fire, I think, started on the first floor, and spread with amazing rapidity. It didn't originate in the engine-room, for that is in another part of the building from that in which the flames were first discovered."

"The amount of insurance I cannot tell. It was renewed every three years. The man who jumped from the fourth story window I do not know."

**Herb Lusk's Account.**

Dr. O. L. Lusk is a resident of the hotel. His room was No. 115, on the floor near the elevator shaft. Dr. Lusk said to an EVENING World reporter:

"I was awakened at 3:15 by the noise of the flames rushing up the elevator shaft. I opened the window of my room and saw the 'L' portion of the building on the 40th street side a mass of flames. He ran into the hall and shouted 'Fire!' and rang the big gong."

"Then I climbed on a fire escape to the roof of the cafe, which was level with the second-story windows."

"There I met Mr. Levy, a liquor-dealer. Both of us were barefooted and wore only our night-shirts."

"Women were screaming from windows all around us, almost naked, like ourselves."

"I and Mr. Levy, instead of making our own escape, set about to save those around us and I broke with my feet a window going on the roof and dragged a mattress from the bed."

"This I threw to the ground in the yard. Then taking the frantic women we dropped them from the roof to the mattresses. The distance was about twenty feet, but the fall was broken and at least fifteen women were able to escape through the basement of a neighboring house. Both of us were fairly cool and did our work as carefully as possible."

"At last at the last, woman was let over the edge of the roof we thought of escape for ourselves. The tin roof was becoming unbearable to our naked feet and the air around us was scorching."

"Breaking the glass in a skylight in the cafe roof, we dropped to the floor inside. There we groped about in the stifling smoke until we reached the Sixth avenue door. Levy broke the glass in the door with a chair, and we reached the outer air through the aperture thus made just as the interior of the cafe was filled with flames."

"I was taken at once to the Gedney House, where I was placed in room 87. I was somewhat bruised, and my left hand was cut and burned. My wounds were dressed, and at the present time I am resting comfortably."

"I hear that Levy was killed," said Dr. Lusk to an EVENING World reporter. He was a hero. "He was made of stern stuff. I have seen men cool in perilous positions, but I never saw any man with a nerve like his."

**Rescued, but Lost His Son.**

J. E. Avery, manager of the salesmen's department in the American Tobacco Company, occupied a room on the fourth floor with his son. "I was awakened by the glare of the flames rushing from the elevator shaft," said Mr. Avery to an EVENING World